STABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Daily Recort Sunday by the Press Publishing many, Res. 55 to 63 Park Row, New York, PH PURITHER, President, 63 Park Row, ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row, PH PULITHER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row,

THE UNASCERTAINABLE.

ORCED from its defiant attitude by The Evening World's fight for fair telephone down her embroidery frame.

The inquired the Optimist sympathetically, laying down her embroidery frame.

"Not—er—not to-day," acknowledged the Bachscertained the "unascertainable." has ascertained the "unascertainable."

After loud protests that it could not supply the figures, and repeated efforts at postponement Service Commission data which show that its set returns from business in this city amounted the preceding year.

The company is reported to be seriously consering the wisdom of voluntarily bringing down all its rates to a permanent basis rather than continue to resist public demand until the Publie Service Commission has appraised its physical

property.

There are powerful influences that might help the company to see light in this direction. The at of the New York Telephone Company is owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Perhaps the parent corporation will see little see in a protracted investigation, likely to reveal the way in which enormous profits gained from New York patrons have been spent, not to give these patrons cheaper telephone service but to surse monopolies and schemes of expansion in Matricts outside of New York.

Mr. Bryan wants to go to the Senate. Well, It's the most comfortable club in Amerion and members are rarely suspended for talking out loud.

THE MAN OF INFLUENCE.

TIMONY which points to the indictment of James E. Gaffney, "man of great influeace" in Tammany, discloses a pathway of any graft that leads from a firm of Pittscontractors straight to the door of the

stigation conducted by The World supplied Grand Jury with a graphic account of the helps him along," suggested the Bachelor bitterly, ereis of \$41,250, the price Patterson Brothers of for the award of an \$825,000 contract-No. of the Catakill Aqueduct system. From the at when James W. Patterson conferred with y and found the latter's "expert advice" ald cost him 5 per cent. of the coveted conat to the moment when the \$41,350, after slipfrom bank account to bank account, left the s of stakeholder James G. Shaw for the salist of somebody whose name Mr. Shaw is s his brains to remember, the Tammany wall lies over it all.

To "make connections" with Tammany Hall, cently, actors big and small sought Gaffney. To et with the inner facts of how Tammany Aqueduct contracts and "divvied" the swag g its "big influences," the State, too, begins 66 sount on James E. Gaffney.

Miss Civic Pride on top of the Municipal Building is beginning to wonder if she lit on the wrong perch.

for Police Commissioner it will have at the through the heart. of its 10,000 guardians a man thoroughly get to the third stage. Do they make it up then, and live happily forever after?" ad of its 10,000 guardians a man thoroughly d bandle men, a men unused to dictation, who body for orders. It will have a man free from ever after." ment with any local political interests, Stridual or machine. It will have a man fresh a stupendous task, with the authority and that come from the consciousness of achieve-It will have a man of proved character Menis, a strong man, a modest man-a man city in the country would be proud to count s its public servants.

By making the man keep his hands in his ets and the woman rest hers on her hips, reformers have realized their hearts' detro-the Non-Contiguous Tango.

BOMANCE IN THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

E WONDER why the story writers who make romances about pretty school teachers so often take the trouble to their readers into the wild West.

a public school right here in New York City eighty-eight teachers no less than twentyere either married or became engaged dura period of twenty-four school months. The ing annals of this schoolhouse, as set the poor man didn't know any better.—New Orin The Sunday World Magazine to-morrow, the a testimonial for a flourishing matriare well fed, but he seems to overlook the fact that the door of divorce is usually the door to the lob-ster palace.—New Orleans States. five selected husbands who are themselves Other schools look on with admiration

like these are a pleasant offset to the itude of the Board of Education, which have the school teacher wife only to her and mother only to other people's

the idea that anybody can ever write door of a city schoolhouse: "All ye who teach leave matrimonial hope be-There is nothing in it. On the contrary.

dia Still Needs U. S.

a \$100,000,000 has been spent on the make Russia independent of American sig. All afforts to unlarge the area of a cotton in Turbesian and the trans-



Converght, 1814, by The Prem Publishing Co.

As to Phases of Feminine Love.

WHAT'S the matter with matrimony anyhow?" demanded the Bachelor with a shudder, as he flung down his hat and gloves. "It's enough to frighten a poor bach-elor into a monastery to hear of all this divorcing and giving of alimony!"

got 'that tired feeling'!" "True love," remarked the Optimist cheerfully, ming her embroidery and carefully taking a evasion, it has at last filed with the Public stitch in an impossible pink orchid, "must run its course! And yours looks as though it had about

reached the second phase."
"Really?" mocked the Bachelor. "How many hast year, after all deductions, to \$10,635,271. Net phases er—how many kinds of love are there?"

There is only ONE kind of real love—and fifty-

seven varieties of imitations," returned the Op-timist calmly. "But there are three phases of every love affair. The love-germ MUST pass through all of these sooner or later whether its victims are married or not. Like any other dis-"Humph!" commented the Bachelor. "I never

noticed them. It all seemed just one phase—or craze—to me. And then came the finish."
"Then you've never been REALLY in love—yet,"

explained the Optimist. "That," and she smiled up at him sweetly, "is still in store for you." The Bachelor grouned softly and lit a cigarette. "Toll me about the three 'phases'," he pleaded.

I want to know my fate." "The first," announced the Optimist lightly, "is that stage in which the man makes a fool of him-

One Certain Stage.

"The second is that stage in which the woman makes a fool of herself. And the - The Optimist hesitated and bit a thread

"Go on!" urged the Bachelor eagerly.
"Is that stage in which one of them makes a

fool of the other!" she finished.
"One of them? Which one?" demanded the

Bachelor suspiciously.
"It all depends," said the Optimist mysteriously,
"on which of them 'wakes up' first. In the beginning of a love-affair, you know, a man is all devotion and eagerness and a woman is all doubt and coyness. Everything she does seems right to him; everything she wears is beautiful; everything she says is brilliant, or 'cute,' or clever. He can't get enough of her society. He calls too early, and has to be SENT home, and"-

"In short, he makes a fool of himself-and she "But that heavenly condition of things can't last forever," sighed the Optimist. "He is bound to discover, sconer or later, that she is not a smined-glass saint, but just a HUMAN BEING. And this is such a shock to him that, little by little, it turns all his devotion into criticism. That is the second phase of love."

"What is?" queried the Bachelor. "The stage in which a man stops flattering a woman and begins picking flaws in her," explained the Optimist; "when he begins to call a little late, and go home early; when he suddenly observed that there ARE other women in the world and—oh,

"Yes, I know!" sighed the Bachelor reminis-

The Awakening.

ND then," continued the Optimist, "by some odd quirk in feminine nature the woman suddenly awakens; and for the first time she is actually SURE that she loves the man. The thought of losing him appalls her, and she begins weeping or quarrelling or nagging"----"Or asking questions!" groaned the Bachelor, 'DO you love me? 'DID you love me?' 'WILL you love me forever?"

NEW YORK gets Col. George W. Goethals the Optimist, stabbing the pink orchid violently

andie men, a man unused to dictation, who "Yea," agreed the Optimist. "They usually DO utterly outgrown the habit of looking to make it up—and ONE of them lives happily for-

"WHICH one?" persisted the Bachelor desper

"That depends." repeated the Optimist with cryptic smile, "on whether the woman decides that one kiss of indifference from that particular man is worth a hundred kisses of devotion from any other man, and resigns herself to her fate—or whether she suddenly concludes that the game inn't worth the onadle"

"And throws him over?" scoffed the Bachelor. "Oh, no!" protested the Optimist. "And simply embalms her love, puts it away in cold storage

"I see!" said the Bachelor, as the light slowly

"He never does," sighed the Optimist. "A wont-an's REAL opinion of a man—that is the Eternal Question, the Secret of the Sphinx!"

Hits From Sharp Wits

A Missouri Judge has decided that the husband is the boss of the home, but as he is a bachelor

Dr. Wiley says divorces will soon end

Americans boast that they are a free people, yet to-day they are bearing the yolk of trust.—New Orleans States.

According to the lingeric advertisements, when a girl says she has "nothing to wear" take her at her word.—Macon Telegraph.

There is an old and very human Spanish proverb that contends that both a guest and a fish are odorous after three days.—Macon Telegraph It is a good rule to believe only half of what you hear, but it takes a smart man to know which half is the right one.—Topoka Journal.

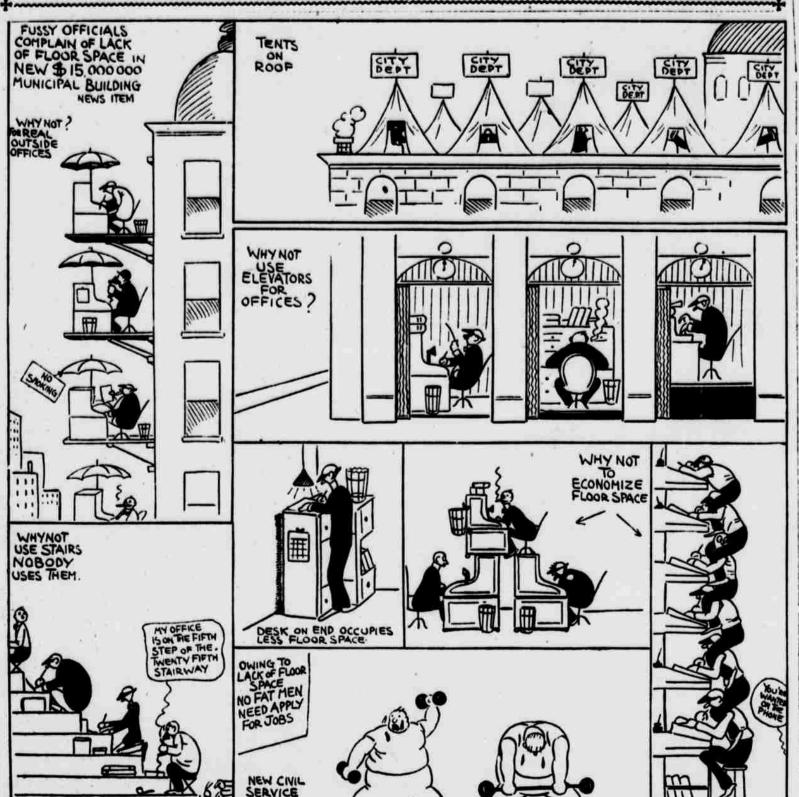
Don't lay it up against President Wilson that Judge Parker has praised him warmly. Mr. Wil-son couldn't help it.—Topeka Journal.

Why Not?





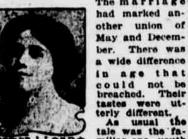
By Maurice Ketten



When December **Marries May** By Sophie Irene Lo.b.

Court t, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co.

HE other day a young woman appealed to the courts for a separation from her husband. The marriage had marked an-



ber. There was a wide difference in age that could not be breached. Their tastes were ut-terly different. As usual the tale was the fa-

for old age at the behest of mammon and the penalty was paid. The young woman told how lonely she was, though surrounded with all that money could buy.

She claimed that when she wanted

She claimed that when she wanted to go anywere she had to go with women friends. Her youthful energy found little or no response, for she was in the heyday of living, while her husband was in life's evening. They did not like the same books, the same kind of food, the same companions. And so the usual whole sad story was laid bare—the skeleton in the family closet.

This woman had thought money could heat all ills. She had believed she could buy everything. Yet she

she could buy everything. Yet she learned that affection, love, true companionship are the things that make

panionship are the things that make life worth while.

It was so since the world began. One case of the sort in very, very many will end happily. But the percentage is so small that the chance taken is indeed AGAINST each party of contemplating any such thing, look long before you leap. You may argue "'Tis better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." But that is only in books. The old man has his fancies and folbles and is naturally not living in the same strata of existence with you. His way of looking at all things must naturally be at variance with yours. While life may seem rosy at the beginning and you think you can sacrifice some things, yet when the test comes it usually happens that those are the very things that you do not want to sacrifice.

And when things assume their every-day routine the test does come. In the words of the old bard who understood youth as well as age:

"Crabled Age and Youth Cannot live together.
Youth is full of pleasance:
Age is full of cars.

Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather:
Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather:
Youth like summer brave,

Youth like summer morn, Age like winter weather; Youth like summer brave, Age II.e winter bare.
Youth is full of sport;
Age's life breath is short.
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is wild and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee;
Youth, I do afters thee,

You Can Be Your Own Beauty Doctor. By Andre Dupont.

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Ersning World). A BEAUTY FALLACY EXPLODED.

Average Girl, "why you are rubbing your teeth mouth."

IGHT I inquire," asked the it at once. And such fruit acids become strongly alkaline after they have been but a few moments in the mouth. May and Decem- | with a slice of orange? "Dr. Gies of the Department of Chemistry at Columbia recommends using a solution of one part cider vinegar and two parts water on the teeth twice daily. But you must be careful that this vinegar is made



WHY NOT ?

AT REAVISE JUICELIA

polish and also to prevent expensive visits to the dentist," replied the Woman of Thirty, keeping on with the good work.

WIRELESS BOATS NOW. COWS WITH EARRINGS. Cows in Belgium wear earrings. The aw requires that when a cow has at-

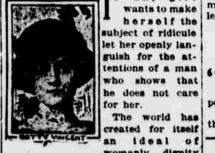
For war purposes both the German menting with wireless controlled torpedo boats and the British Government with sined the age of three months it sha!! save in its ear a ring to which is at-

WATER FOR TEETH

phoric, or, in fact, any other mineral acids are just as bad."
"How about lemons? Is it proper to hand the teeth a lemon?"
"All fruit acids are helpful. Lemon juice should be diluted with about two-thirds of water, as it is rather attrant to use pure."

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

A Foolish Pose.



wants to make herself the subject of ridicule let her openly languish for the at-

any girl

from apples and not adulterated with mineral acids.

"Personally I prefer orange juice, womanly dignity for it tastes better and it can be used and self-respect. A woman falls undiluted. The easiest way is to short of that ideal when she openly squeeze an orange on the tooth brush and rub this over the teeth two or assumes the role of the hunter. And three times and then rinse the mouth that is the role of the girl who makes with water. Try it and see if your teeth ever felt cleaner or looked whiter. Raw apples are also a fine preservative for the enamel. It is he is to her. said that people who eat them every day almost invariably have sound "J. L." writteeth" public the fact that she is more devoted to a certain young man than

"J. L." writes: "I have been pay-"Are all acids good for the teeth?"
"Are all acids good for the teeth?"
"Don't run away with that idea. My dentist says that the distinction between mineral acids and fruit acids must be thoroughly understood. Hydrochloric acid, which forms the basis of a tooth wash called spirits of sait, sometimes put up by druggists, will

of a tooth wash called spirits of sait.

sometimes put up by druggists, will
quickly eat away the examel of the
quickly eat away the examel of the
teeth and cause them to crumble away
teeth and cause them to crumble away
turn out happily.

"A. S." writes: "A young man has been calling on me for a year, but though he is perfectly able to do so he has almost never invited me to a dance or to the theatre. On most occasions he is content to spend nothing on the evening. I have concluded that this young man's acquaintance is not worth cultivating. What do you ad-

If you really feel that the young man is of a stingy disposition, and if you wish to stop knowing him, send him away at once. But be sure you don't misjudge him.

A Paragon. By Eugene Geary.

Copyris t. 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) CHI: treads in society's maze With the willowy grace of

queen;

On the links she evcels
All the rest of the belles
In putting the ball o'er the green. She's conversant with all the names That are hallmarks in classical lore— Catullus, Empedocles,

Juvenal, Socrates, The stagirite grim—and some more

She paints with precision and skill; Her brush lights the virginal page; She has also been known To sit still on her throne. As a queen on the amateur stage

But, oh, 'tis in music divine
She shines inexpressibly grand:
For this more than uncommon
Delightful young woman
Can play the plane by hand!

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishin (The New York Evening World).

Take it from me," remarked the head pelisher, "that all my ambitions to go into the contracting business and make a wad of money have been smothered by the recent

Grand Jury revelations."
"It begins to look," said the laundry man, "as though the end of the old system of contract letting is in sight. Doubtless before the Grand Jury gets through it will be established that the con-Barge Canal and the Flate roads and perhaps on other big municipal and State jobs have been following the custom of contractors in vogue ever since the remarkable development of the country opened the way to immense expenditures for public works. That custom was to look over the ground before submitting a bid, with the object of locat-

ing the party with the proper pull. This has been as necessary as the employment of engineers to make the preliminary surveys or the assembling of a plant to complete the job. Contractors thought no more of paying for 'influence' than they thought of paying for equipment or labor. It was considered a part of wisdom to scout around in advance, find out about how much it was going to cost to land the job and add the prospective expense to the bid. When it was possible to do this the contractor, of course, worked on velvet, the public paying the influence

"The system applied not only on public works but on contracts for great corporations. Always there was somebody with his hand out. Almost always the contractor who came across got the

"Did the other contractors know it? Certainly, but they wouldn't squeal. The game was played according to certain rules, and it was one of the rules for every man to do the best he could for himself. Sometimes—often, in fact—contract-ors (who put in low bids and found themselves left out in the cold by a contractor with a much higher bid who had represented to the right per-son) emitted mighty roars and by threats and by other methods succeeded in declaring themselves in on the ultimate profits.

"The system pyramided on itself until it got topheavy. Then it was a question of who should give the first push. Now all the contractors who have given up are consulting their lawyers, and their lawyers are advising them to hold conversation with one Charles S. Whitman, District Attorney. Not a day goes by that doesn't bring to light a contract scandal somewhere in the United States. It is New York's turn now, and the dying squawks of the goose that laid the golden eggs come faintly to the listening ear."

When the Girls Combine.

HAT do you think about the girl stenog-raphers, bookkeepers and who are starting a union?" asked the head polisher.

"I think it's the wisest thing they ever did." replied the laundry man. "If they can overcome the snobbishness than attends clerical work, the false pride that animates a poorly paid desk toller who thinks himself better than the grimy mechanic getting twice or thrice his pay, they ought to give themselves a great boost.

"Many attempts have been made to organise nuale office Forkers, and they have all fallen through because of snobbishness. Now that the girls are such an important factor in business life,

perhaps they can make a go of a union. "The girls undoubtedly know that they have been largely responsible for bringing about the low wages of which they complain. They will work for smaller pay than men can afford to take. It will be well for the organizers of the union to think about this and to discourage incompetents and promote skill and efficiency among their own members. With thousands of unemployed clerks and bookkeepers willing to go to work for \$50 a month the legion of office workers has a big problem to overcome and the problem has two sides."

The Gaff in Gaffney.

66TS this John M. Murphy who is figuring so prominently these days in Grand Jury circles any relation of Charles F.?" asked the hand

polisher. "None whatever," replied the laundry man, "He's the guy that's putting the gaff in Gaffney.'

A "Go-to-Church Sunday."

HE call issued by Chicago religious bodies for a general observance of a "go-to-Church Sunday" has brought favorable reses from clergymen of every creed all over the United States and Canada. Every city and town between the Atlantic and the Pacific and Hudson's Bay and Mexico has been asked through the press to join in the movement, and, while the observnce is likely to be far from general, it is probable that many people will go to church on that day who have not attended in months, or years—pro-

vided the weather in favorable. If all the people of the United States should accept the invitation to attend these religious services the churches would be utterly inadequate gogues in the United States, according to the latest available statistics, is 58,536,820, which leaves about two-fifths of the population unpro-

Letters From the People

Chances in West or South? To the Editor of The Evening World:
We would like to ask the advice of experi-

enced readers about the chances for two young men, twenty and twenty-one, respectively, leaving New York City to emigrate to some Western or Southern State. We have plenty of ambition in us, and would go through any kind of hardships to make good. We would also like to know what State would be best to start in. Others may be ABE AND LEW. interested in this.

The Former Is Correct. To the Editor of The Evening World: Which is correct—"It is I who 'give' you

money" or "It is I who 'gives' you money." L.

A Strike Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In a recent editorial you say: "Five Thousand Trainmen-practically every employee of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad—were called out on

Here is my suggestion to remedy this condition: Compel all employees of public utilities to hold positions on the same terms as soldiers, satiors, policemen and firemen.

Art and a Living.

To the Editor of The Bresing World:

I am eighteen and intend to enter the field. of art for my future. As I have never associated with practical artists, I do not know whether it is a paying profession. I have hardly received any encouragement, people saying that artists starve, etc., but I have talent and I like art very much. Before I become discouraged I would like to hear the truth from practical article among your readers. J. Mole-